White Cloud Kansas Chief.

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Choice Poetry.

STAND BY THE UNION.

BY W. H. HAYWARD.

AIR—"*Wait for the Wagon.*"

Here's to this glorious Union,
So dear to you and me,
Bound by the Constitution,
In the bonds of unity.
Home of the Patriot Washington,
Our nation's boast and pride,
His life was for this Union,
Which we will not divide.
Stand by the Union,
Whatever may betide;
The Stars and Stripes forever,
Washington our guide.

Our fathers fought for freedom,
And shed their blood and died;
They left to us this heritage,
A country vast and wide.
They bound us in this Union,
And bade us guard it well;
That we should be united,
And never dare rebel.
Stand by the Union, &c.

Brave Jackson was a hero,
From truth he never swerved;
He swore this Federal Union
Must ever be preserved.
He sought responsibility,
No failure did he fear;
He loved our glorious Union,
The Stars and Stripes so dear.
Stand by the Union, &c.

And he who conquered Mexico,
On Cerro Gordo's plain,
Bold Winfield Scott, who beat the foe,
And bled at Lundy's Lane;
And "Rough and Ready," tried and true,
Whose deeds we love to tell;
The Union was their platform,
For it they fought so well.
Stand by the Union, &c.

A Webster and a Henry Clay,
Were Union men and true;
They lived for these United States,
And died as patriots do.
Firm on the Constitution,
United they did stand;
America forever!
God bless our native land!
Stand by the Union, &c.

Brave Lawrence, in the Navy,
Said "Don't give up the ship!"
So long as we're united,
We all the world can whip.
Stand by our glorious ensign,
Our own Red, White and Blue,
With our ship, the Constitution,
Manned by a Union crew.
Stand by the Union, &c.

Fair women will support us,
As they did in days of yore;
They love us and our country,
We will their charms adore.
Three cheers for lovely woman!
They aid us all they can;
Their hearts are for the Union—
For Union to a man.
Stand by the Union, &c.

We won't dissolve the Union,
While the Stars and Stripes shall wave;
They float in triumph o'er us,
The ensign of the brave;
They tell us of the battles
By our forefathers won;
Our eagle soaring upwards,
With the name of Washington.
Stand by the Union, &c.

Then wave again the Stars and Stripes,
Columbia's flag, on high;
The Union we will fight for,
And by her stand or die.
We will gaze upon the eagle,
As she mounts towards the sun,
In her beak the words "The Union,"
Endorsed by Washington.
Stand by the Union, &c.

Select Tale.

THE LAUGHING HERO.

AN INCIDENT OF THE MASSACRE AT GOLIAD.

It was the morning of the 17th of March, 1836. *Aurora*, mother of dews and mistress of the mansion of golden clouds, came, as she almost ever comes to the living greenery of the plains of Goliad—a thing of beauty, queen of the sky, on a throne of burning amber, robed in the crimson of fire, with a diadem of purple, and streamers of painted pink.—Oh! it was a glorious morning for poets to sing of earth, or a saint to pray to heaven; but neither poet's song nor saint's prayer made the matins of the place and hour. Alas! no; it was a very different sort of music.

A number of hoarse drums roared the loud *reveille*, that awoke four hundred Texan prisoners and their guard—four times their number of Mexican soldiers—the *elite* of the Chief Butcher's grand army.

The prisoners were immediately summoned to parade before the posts, in the main street of the village; and every eye sparkled with joy, and every tongue uttered its shouts—the involuntary exclamation of confidence and hope—"Thanks to noble Santa Anna! He is going to execute the treaty! We shall be shipped to our beloved United States! We shall see our dear friends once more!" Such were the cheerful cries with which the American volunteers, and the few Texans among them, greeted the order to form into line.

The line was formed, and then broken into two columns, when every instrument of music in the Mexican host sounded a merry march, and they moved at a quick step over the prairie towards the west.

Five minutes afterwards, a singular dialogue occurred betwixt the two leaders of the front column of prisoners:—

"What makes you walk so lame, Col. Neil? Are you wounded?" asked a tall, handsome man, with blue eyes, and bravery flashing forth in all their beams.

"Col. Fannin, I walk lame to keep from being wounded; do you comprehend?" replied the other, with a laugh, and such a laugh as no words can describe—it was so loud, so luxurious, like the roar of the breakers of a sea of humor: it was, in short, a laugh of the inmost heart.

"I do not comprehend you, for I am no artist in riddles," rejoined Fannin, smiling himself at the ludicrous gaiety of his companion, so strangely ill-timed.

"You discover that I am lame in each leg," said Col. Neil, glancing down at the members indicated, and mimmicking the movements of a confirmed cripple, as he laughed louder than ever. "And yet," he added in a whisper, "I have neither rheumatism in my knees, nor corns on my toes, but I have two *revolvers* in my boots!"

"That is a violation of the treaty, by which we agreed to deliver up all our arms," Col. Fannin mournfully suggested.

"You will see, however, that I shall need them before the sun is an hour high," replied Neil. "Ah! Fannin, you do not know the treachery of these base Mexicans."

At that instant the sun rose in a sky of extraordinary brilliancy, and a million flower cups flung their rich odors abroad over the green prairie, as an offering to the lord of light, when the order "to halt" was given by one of Santa Anna's aids, and the two columns of prisoners were broken up and scattered over the plain in small hollow squares, encircled on every side by Mexican infantry and troops of horse with loaded muskets and naked swords! And then came a momentary pause, awful in its stillness, and disturbed only by an occasional shriek of terror, as the most timid among the captives realized the impending storm of fire and the extinction of life's last hope.

And then the infernal work of wholesale murder was begun, and a scene ensued such as scarcely could be matched in the very annals of hell itself. The roar of musketry burst in successive peals, like appalling claps of thunder, but could not utterly drown the prayers of the living, the screams of the wounded, and more terrible groans of the dying.

Col. Fannin fell among the first victims, but not so the giant Neil. With the order of the Mexican officer for his men to fire, our hero stooped almost to the earth, so that the volley passed entirely over him. He waited not for a second; thrusting a hand into the leg of each boot, he arose with a couple of six shooters—the deadly revolvers of Allen's patent—and commenced discharging them, with the rapidity of lightning, into the thickest ranks of his foes—his immense strength enabling him to pull off both the triggers together.

Panic stricken with surprise and fear, the Mexicans recoiled and opened a passage, through which Neil bounded, with the spring of a panther, and fled away, as if wings were tied to his heels, while half a dozen horsemen gave chase. For a while it seemed doubtful whether the giant Colonel would not outstrip even these, so much had the perils of the occasion increased the natural elasticity of his mighty muscles. But presently a charger, fleeter than the rest, might be discerned gaining on his human rival, and approached so near that the dragoon raised his flashing sabre for the *coup de grace*. Neil became conscious of his danger, and hastily slackened his speed, till the hot stream of smoke from the horse's nostrils appeared to mingle with his very hair; and then, wheeling suddenly, he fired another round from a revolver, and the rider tumbled from his saddle. The victim then renewed his flight.

A mad yell of grief and rage broke from the remaining troopers as they witnessed the fate of their comrade, and its effect was immediately evident in the augmented caution of their pursuit—for they galloped afterwards in one body, thereby greatly retarding their progress, so that Neil reached the river before them. He paused not a moment, but plunged headlong down the steep bank into the current, and struck off for the other shore. The dragoons discharged their side arms ineffectually, and gave over the chase.

In a few minutes Neil landed, and as soon as he felt satisfied that he was really saved, burst into an insuppressible convulsion of laughter, exclaiming, "it will kill me! just to think how astonished the yellow devils looked when I hauled the revolvers out of my boots."

Such was Col. John Neil—possessing a fund of humor that no misfortune could ever exhaust, and a flow of animal spirits which would have enabled him to dance on the graves of all his dearest relations, or to have sung Yankee Doodle at his own execution.

At a much later period of Texan history, the writer had the happiness to make the gallant Colonel's acquaintance. The first time I saw him was at the city of Houston, in the summer of 1845. He was standing on the ground step of the flight leading up to the door of the "Star Hotel." Holding his sides with both hands, and emitting through his enormous mouth, boisterous explosions, he seemed literally dying with laughter—his face turned purple, and the blue veins of his forehead swelled out thick as a man's thumb, while his eyes, gleaming with savage mirth, remained fixed on a form in the porch above him. The latter was lawyer Seth Allen, a gentleman with the tall, meagre figure of a barber's pole, a huge *moustache*, and a great profusion of ruffles. He had fought a duel, mortal to his antagonist, the previous day, and was just then relating to a circle of wondering loafers the history of his prowess. The contrast between his skeleton figure, foppish dress, and narrated exploits, had struck Neil as transcendentally ludicrous; and hence his sudden and ungovernable merriment.

"What are you laughing at, fellow?" Allen demanded sternly, as he measured our Falstaff with his eye.

"At you," followed by another sonorous peal, was the answer.

"I'll teach you how to make sport of a gentleman!" shouted Allen, frenzied with rage, as he rushed down the steps and aimed a furious kick full at the other's face.

Neil caught the foot in his right hand, and then stooping, suddenly thrust his head between Allen's legs, and fairly raised him on his neck. In that ridiculous position, he trotted with the famous duelist several times round the yard, as a strong man might trot with a child, laughing noisily like an idiot, while Allen vociferated for his pistols. Neil then walked off leisurely some fifty paces, and tossed his burden into a mud-hole, with a roar that was re-echoed by the spectators.

An immediate challenge was the result. Col. Neil accepted, chose rifles of the largest size, and fixed the distance at a hundred yards.

"I will only wing him," said the laughing hero, as he took his stand; "he's too poor to make good bacon!" At the first fire he broke the other's arm, and so the affair ended.

A mere running reference to the remaining facts of our singular biography must close this sketch.

Col. Neil was born and brought up in a pine tent, on the banks of the Cumberland river, in Tennessee. At the age of fifteen, he ran away from his father, and made his way into the wilderness of Texas. He there adopted the profession of arms, which he never more relinquished. He has been a captain of rangers, a colonel of militia, a guardsman to Mexican traders, and a general thief-catcher for the Sheriffs of many counties; and yet all his life has been one long, merry laugh. And indeed he may be said to have a perfect right to laugh, if ever man had, for a braver, warmer, more generous heart never beat in a human bosom. He deserves to realize his favorite wish, "to die laughing."

THE ASSAILANT OF FORT SUMTER.—A merchant of this city, who was allowed to see the much vaunted "Floating Battery," while recently on a visit at Charleston, has sent us the following:

"After much difficulty, I obtained a permit to visit the Floating Battery that we have all heard so much about. Accompanied by one of the Governor's Aids, and met by Lieut. Hamilton at the entrance, we crawled through the gun holes, and stepped on the main deck. The first impression is that of immense solidity. The out or gun side is covered with six plates of iron—two of them, of the T railroad pattern, placed horizontally, and the other four bolted, one over the other, in the strongest manner, and running vertically. The wall of the gun side is full four feet thick, constructed of that peculiar Palmetto wood, so full of fibrous material that sixty-four pounders cannot pierce them. The main deck is wide and roomy. In nineteen open chambers, on the port side of the deck, we found a profusion of shot—thirty-four-pounders—while just beyond them is an immense pile of sand bags, which protect an overhanging roof, under which is to be placed the hospital. This also protects the magazines, (three in number,) under which is the hold, which will contain, if necessary, over three hundred men. When it is finally moored near Sumter, there will be four heavy wedges driven down by a species of ram, will hold it fast, and prevent any swaying around by the tide. Although not versed in military matters, I should say that its immense strength of Palmetto logs and iron combined, with a bomb proof roof over all, will make it perfectly impervious to anything that Major Anderson can bring to bear against it. While thus secure, the inventor claims that he can easily effect a breach in the weak side of the fort. It will cost to complete it, $15,000.—*New York Times.*

PRESIDENT JEFF. DAVIS.—The so-called Southern Confederacy was conceived in sin, shapen in iniquity, and born out of due time, because it was rushed into the world with indecent haste, expressly to prevent the *people* from beholding its deformities. No man, living or dead, is better adapted to preside over such an *organization* than Jeff. Davis. He is as vain and proud as Cottoncracy itself. He is as weak and imprudent as he is ambitious and unprincipled. He has been producing discontent and teaching treason against the Government ever since he has been in public life. A vile traitor, a trained rebel, and an inflated bigot, he as richly deserves to be hung as ever old John Brown did.

This is the blusterer who, in a public speech a few years ago, slandered the Tennessee volunteers, when it is notorious that Tennessee can whip out the whole Southern Confederacy. And yet, Tennessee is asked to go into the Government over which this traitor presides.—*Knoxville Whig.*

The aim of the South—to keep all the kernels, and throw us the shells!

Miscellaneous.

STAND BY THE FLAG.

Stand by the flag!—its stars like meteors gleaming,
Have lighted Arctic icebergs, Southern seas,
And shone responsive to the stormy beaming
Of old Aostarus and the Pleiades.

Stand by the flag!—its stripes have streamed in glory,
To foes a fear, to friends a festal robe,
And spread, in rythmic lines, the sacred story
Of Freedom's triumph over all the globe.

Stand by the flag!—oh land and ocean billow,
By it your fathers stood, removed and true;
Living, defended—dying, from their pillow,
With their last blessing, passed it on to you.

Stand by the flag!—immortal heroes bore it
Through sulphurous smoke, deep moat, and armed defence;
And their imperial shades still hover o'er it—
A guard celestial, from Omnipotence.

Stand by the flag!—it is a holy treasure;
Though wrong may dim some stars which should be light,
A steady, gentle, and persistent pressure,
Kindly exerted, yet will make them bright.

Stand by the flag!—though death shots round it rattle,
And underneath its waving folds have met,
In all the dread array of sanguine battle,
The quivering lance and glittering bayonet.

Stand by the flag!—all doubt and treason scorning—
Believe, with courage firm, and faith sublime,
That it will float until the eternal morning
Pales, in its glories, all the lights of time!

[From the Sunday Mercury.]

THE PROGRESS OF MY ZOUAVE PRACTICE.

A fellow with a red bag having sleeves to it for a coat; with two red bags without sleeves to them for trowsers; with an embroidered and braided bag for a vest; with a cap like a red woolen saucepan; with yellow boots like the fourth robber in a stage paly; with a moustache like two half-pound paint brushes, and with a sort of sword-gun or gun-sword for a weapon, that looks like the result of a love affair between an amorous broad sword and a lonely musket, indiscreet and tender—that is a Zouave.

A fellow who can "put up" a hundred-and-ten-pound dumb-bell; who can climb up an eighty foot rope, hand over hand, with a barrel of flour hanging to his heels; who can do the "giant swing" on a horizontal bar with a fifty-six tied to each ankle; who can walk up four flights of stairs, holding a heavy man in each hand, at arms' length; and who can climb a greased pole feet first, carrying a barrel of pork in his teeth—that is a Zouave.

A fellow who can jump seventeen feet four inches high without a spring-board; who can tie his legs in a double bow-knot round his neck without previously softening his shin bones in a steam bath; who can walk Blondin's out door tight rope with his stomach outside of nine brandy cocktails, a suit of chain armor outside his stomach, and a stiff northeast gale outside of that; who can set a forty foot ladder on end, balance himself on top of it, and shoot wild pigeons on the wing, one at a time, just behind the eye, with a single barreled Minie rifle, three hundred yards distance, and never miss a shot; who can take a five shooting revolver in each hand and knock the spots out of the ten of diamonds at eighty paces, turning summersaults all the time and firing every shot in the air—that is a Zouave.

I am a Zouave.

My musket education progresses—I am getting on finely—I can tell the muzzle from the stock at first sight, and shall soon be able to say which end of the ramrod to put down, and which side up the cartridge goes.

But I am paying more attention to my gymnastics just at present, than to my musket, for everybody knows that in a battle arms are not of nearly so much importance as legs—it is a very good thing to know the use of your legs—in case of war.

I've got a practicing room, where I gymnastic every day. I've taken up the carpet—a performance which my landlady entirely approves—I've piled the chairs on top of the table in a corner, and have sold my bed at auction—Zouaves sleep on the floor.

Besides, it is a good thing to know how to sleep without a bed—in case of war.

Spinkey and his brother came to see my room after I had got it arranged for practice—they did things—they Zouaved a little, by way of setting me an example.

I found out by the actions of the Spinkey brothers the exact dimensions of my room; it is three flip-flaps long, and a handspring and two back summersaults wide.

By means of a flip-flap you disconcert your enemy's aim and draw his fire, then you kill him. A flip-flap is a good thing to do—in case of war.

By means of a hand-spring, you reverse your position, and your bewildered enemy cuts off your feet, instead of your head. Then you kill him; then you screw on a wooden leg and do so again. When you've done it twice, you've killed two enemies and only lost two legs; and, after that, you can only lose wooden legs, which are comparatively cheap, especially if the war is in a well-timbered country.

A hand-spring is a splendid thing to do—in case of war.

By means of a forward somersault, you leap over your enemy, when he charges on you; then, by a back-somersault, you fall on his head from a great height and stun him; then you kill him.

A somersault is an indispensable manœuvre—in case of war.

Our company—Spinkey commanding—can go through the manual of arms complete, and only touch ground three times; they do all the loadings in a single somersault, springing into the air at the word "Up!" with their muskets empty, and loading exactly together at the word of command, given by Spinkey with a speaking trumpet, and firing by files as they come down.

When Spinkey left my room I began to practice; for I'm very anxious to progress. Our company has been all drafted into Kerrigan's Contingent, and we must all be ready.

Tried a somersault first, as I thought it looked very easy. All you have to do is, to throw your heels up and your head down, and then bring your head up and your heels down; it's the easiest thing in the world—apparently. When I came to try it, I thought that the floor looked unusually hard, so I put a pillow in the spot where I thought my feet would come down, as I didn't want to hurt my heels. Then I took off my coat, tied my suspenders tightly round my waist, took a short run from the corner of the room, shut my eyes, and—

* * * * * * *

When I recovered, which I should judge was in about three quarters of an hour, I had a bump on my forehead as if I'd been hit there by a base ball, which had stuck. It took me fifteen minutes to get up on my feet, for I felt as if my legs and arms had been distributed over the neighboring country by a gun-powder explosion; and it was some time before my mind was disabused of that impression.

I judge that something interfered to prevent the artistic execution of my contemplated somersault, for my head evidently struck the ground as soon as my heels went up; my nose had received a severe contusion, and the results were, a map of some unknown country done in red on my shirt front, two vest pockets full of blood, and my hair so stuck together with the same fluid, that I had to get my head cropped like a prize fighter. Whether I broke the window with my head when it went down, or with my heels when they came up, is comparatively immaterial—certain it is that there was a hole in the sash big enough to throw a bushel basket through without touching the edges.

As to the pillow, it didn't seem to ease my feet after all; perhaps it is because neither of them came within a rod of it, for I discovered that while I broke my only water pitcher with one heel, I had put the other through my picture of John C. Heenan, in his favorite character of Champion of the world.

I mustered up courage in three days to try a hand-spring, but the results were not satisfactory, being merely a new and extensive assortment of bumps and bruises.

Then I sent for Spinkey—Spinkey taught me the art—I can do it now—I do it all the time—I keep doing it; in fact, I don't do anything else. When I come down to breakfast, I generally walk on my hands around the table, and give each one of the boarders a patronizing shake of my slipper; then I turn a hand-spring over the table, and come down easily in my chair, and read a column of the Tribune, while the people are looking in the air for me to come down. I never sleep on a bed, now a days; sometimes I hang myself by the toes to the gas fixtures; sometimes I suspend myself by my little finger to a staple in the wall; sometimes I balance myself on my trusty sword, or take a short nap on the point of my bayonet; I've practiced thrusting with my bayonet and sword till there isn't a picture in my whole collection that has its regular number of features; Dolly Davenport has only one eye, and a fraction of a nose; Edwin Forrest is playing Hamlet without any top to his head, and John Heenan with one arm and a big hole in his ribs, is fighting Tom Sayers, who has no legs, and nary an eye in his head. I've put up a target on the brick partition that separates me from the next house, and have fired so many balls into it, that the bricks are not now more than an inch and a half thick, and I expect every day to kill a baby or two in there; when I do I suppose I will have to apologize. I haven't killed anybody for a good while, and I really ought to get my hand in again. If you shouldn't hear from me next week, you may conclude that I'm going through the farcical formality of an examination for manslaughter, and that I'll write as soon as I can get out on bail.

Confidently,
DOESTICKS, P. B.

SENATOR JOHNSON ON GOVERNMENT ROBBERS.—In a recent speech, Hon. Andrew Johnson, of Tennessee, said:

Cobb remained in the Cabinet until the treasury was bankrupt and the national credit disgraced at home and abroad, and then he conscientiously seceded. Thompson stayed in until the poor Indians were robbed of a large portion of their patrimony, and then conscientiously seceded; and Floyd, more honest than the rest, waited until he and his friends had taken some eight millions of public and private money, and then he, pious soul, conscientiously seceded too.

Russia is rapidly extending her telegraphs into the Amoor country, intending to reach the Pacific and the vast country of Siberia.

A SONNET FOR THE HOUR.

BY ALBERT LAIGHTON.

Unhallowed hands would trail our flag in dust.
Lincoln! While waiting millions look to thee
To keep sustained the banner of the free,
And thwart the schemes of faction, crime, and lust—
O, in the God of Right maintain thy trust!
He will not fail thee in this hour of need;
Prayer from a Nation's heart will be not heed,
When thou dost ask it? Loyal souls and just
Are clustering round thee. From the sainted grave
Mount Vernon holds, come whisperings of cheer;
Prophetic words from patriot lips we hear,
That fall like benedictions. Fear thou not,
Brave heart and true; there is a Power to save,
And give thee strength to bear thy chosen lot.

THE GERMAN ORATOR OF THE WEST.

Thrilling Episodes in the Life of Carl Schurz.

A writer in the Easton (Penn.) Times gives an interesting sketch of the life of Carl Schurz. He was born 33 years ago, in Bonn, on the Rhine, in the Prussian dominions. In 1849, he joined the Constitutional army, and, sharing in its reverses, was sentenced to death for high treason. For three days and nights, after the Prussians had entered Rastadt, he lay conccaled in a shed, on a beam or rafter just wide enough to conceal his person from the eyes of those who stood below. A guard of some kind was stationed in the very house to which this shed belonged, and every night the soldiers assembled on the floor beneath his hiding place, and danced to the music of the trumpet. On the fourth night, a heavy shower of rain gave him the first opportunity of attempting an escape, and he jumped from the roof upon a chicken coop, which broke down under him with a loud crash, though without attracting the notice of the sentry who was, or ought to have been, but a few yards off. By the assistance of his friends he reached a sewer, and thus attained the outside of the fortifications. Even here there was a sentry, but, by following closely behind him as he walked by, he managed to gain a cover before the sentry turned on his beat. He made his way to Paris, and remained there some time, in the vain hope of a favorable turn in the affairs of his native country. In a little book published by the chief spy of Bonaparte's police, he received honorable mention as "the most audacious and the most adroit" of the exiles, who, while constantly active, could never be ensnared into any act furnishing a pretext even to the liberal conscience of a Bonaparte for his extradition. At this time the public opinion of Germany was much aroused by the cowardly vengeance wreaked by the Prussian Government on Godfrey Kinkel, a townsman of Schurz's, a professor, who had joined the Constitutional movement at the same time with himself. This man, a poet of delicate frame, highly educated, and accustomed to all the refinements of life, was imprisoned at Spandau, twenty miles from Berlin, dressed as a convict, his hair cropped short, and forced to labor at wool-carding, and to room and mess with felons. Schurz, having determined to rescue him, repaired to London, collected the means, and made the arrangements. With a forged passport he travelled direct to Berlin, left his papers with the police over night, obtained a *vise* for some other town the next morning, and, instead of proceeding, took lodging in a boarding house. There he remained for six weeks, going to Spandau every day, and returning late at night, when the policeman was always so obliging as to unlock the door of his boarding house for him. All the arrangements having been completed, he carried off Kinkel in a coach one rainy night, together with his keeper. Relays of horses were in readiness from station to station, until they reached the sea shore, where a pilot-boat received them. They landed at Hull or Yarmouth long before the Government had the most remote idea of the prisoner's whereabouts. Coming to this country in 1851, he registered himself as a law student at Philadelphia, and sojourned there for a number of years, occupying his time, almost exclusively, with the study of this country, its material and social condition, its history, its institutions, and its future. In 1854 he removed to Watertown, Wisconsin, and entered on the practice of the law in Milwaukee.

FEMALE HEROISM.—We glean the following account of female heroism from the Weatherford (Texas) News:

The party of Indians who passed through Jack, Parker, and Palo Pinto Counties, last week, marking their way with desolation, and striking terror to the stoutest hearts, drew up in front of the residence of Mr. Eubanks, in Palo Pinto County, and were holding a parley, and, no doubt, forming a plan to attack the house. There was not a man on the premises at the time. Mrs. Eubanks and her daughter and several little children were alone. The yard was inclosed with pickets about six feet high. Miss Mary Eubanks, the daughter, with unequalled presence of mind for one so young, seized a shot gun, put on her brother's hat, and placed a bench near the picketing, so as to peep over without exposing her body, and then deliberately fired at the party, which stratagem and heroic conduct doubtless saved her own life and the lives of her mother and little brothers and sisters, as the cowardly scamps immediately fled, no doubt believing the house was defended by a body of armed men.

Parson Brownlow on Submitting to Lincoln's Administration.

From a recent number of the Parson's paper, (the Knoxville, Tenn., Whig.) we extract the following spicy article:

The respectful terms in which the following inquiry is couched, induces us to answer the writer in all candor and kindness:

TUSCUMBIA, REPUBLIC OF ALABAMA,
February 1st, 1861.

Dr. W. G. BROWNLOW—*Editor Knoxville Whig*—SIR: Will you please answer the following question through the columns of your paper, and oblige many of your friends in this section:

Are you, since six States have seceded from the Federal Union, willing to risk yourself and State under the Administration of Abraham Lincoln? I am, in behalf of many, Yours, respectfully,
T. O. BRYAN.

REPLY.—I am willing to risk myself and State under the Administration of Abraham Lincoln. I am not, however, willing to *submit* to the outrages the fire-eaters of the South allege that Mr. Lincoln intends to commit upon the South. I do not believe he will meddle with the institution of slavery where it is, or seek to deprive the South of any right she holds under the Constitution. And I believe that he will enforce the Constitution and laws of the United States, as his oath of office requires him to do, and as justice to the various sections of the Union demands at his hands.

If I am mistaken in the estimate I have put upon the integrity and patriotism of the President elect, and he shall seek to oppress any one of the States of this Confederacy, South or North, I shall readily join the other States in seeking to punish him, and in resisting his administration. But I want to *see the evidence* of this, before I begin the work of resistance—I want other proof of the bad faith in which Mr. Lincoln intends to act, than the *prediction* of his enemies. I have submitted to the Administration of James Buchanan for four years, and my State has done so without a murmur, and I hold that Lincoln could not afford the country a more corrupt, partial, and infamous administration if he should try! Lincoln was elected under the forms prescribed by our Constitution and laws, and without fraud at the ballot box, and it is the duty of all good citizens to give him a fair test, before they condemn him.

I went into the contest against Lincoln, as also did my State, knowing him to be a *sectional* candidate, upon a *sectional* platform, and as we were fairly beaten we feel bound in honor to abide by our defeat, for four years to come. The reign of Lincoln for twenty years upon even the Chicago platform, is preferable to the breaking up of this Government. Secession is no remedy for any evil that may arise in our Government, and I deny its right. The right of revolution I admit, but I deny that such a remedy is called for in the present crisis of our affairs. I will be told of the many grievances we of the South have suffered at the hands of the North. I have considered the nature of these grievances, and their effects upon the commerce, trade and religion of the South, and they may be expressed in the following words:

The Democracy of the South have lost the offices of the Government and its immense patronage. And a large majority of the free and independent people of Tennessee, taking this view of the subject, will refuse to go out of the Union!

Having thus fully and frankly answered the question propounded, I might here close my remarks, but I choose to go further and say even more. There is scarcely a man of talent and character living, even at the North, under whose administration of the general government I would not prefer to live, rather than live in a Southern Confederacy, controlled and governed by the TRAITORS and VILLAINS who have originated and carried out this wicked, daring and damnable scheme of secession.

The Senators of seven States have been sitting in their seats as Senators, SWORN to support the Constitution of the United States, and to act as the privy council of the President, and at the same time they were holding secret meetings, plotting the overthrow of the Government and Constitution they had sworn to sustain and support. I consider Benedict Arnold and Aaron Burr patriots and honest men compared with these *traitors* and *perjured villains*. I certainly have no desire to live under any Government, organized by such corrupt, wicked, and hell-deserving men as these! This whole scheme for dissolving this Union was originated and carried by such men as these. Corrupt, designing, and disappointed Southern politicians, who, failing to control the Government, resolved upon its ruin. There are better men in Hell, suffering the vengeance of eternal fire, than the Southern leaders in this secession movement.

This I say as a Southern man, one born and raised here, and intending to live and die here. And all this I will continue to say, as long as I have breath to speak, or strength to write.

W. G. BROWNLOW.

In a small ultra Presbyterian town, in Scotland, a school teacher was lately expelled from church because he insisted on writing God with a small "g."

The Charleston (S. C.) Mercury notices the result of the Virginia election, under the heading "Distressing Foreign News."